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Lincoln
Assassination of ~~the~~
Lincoln and other English
Papers

Abraham Lincoln
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From the Times, April 27.

ASSASSINATION OF MR. LINCOLN.

THE American news which we publish this morning will be received throughout Europe with sorrow as sincere and profound as it awoke even in the United States themselves. Mr. Lincoln has fallen at the hands of an assassin, and Mr. Seward has too probably shared his fate.

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The critical condition of affairs in America, the position of the Southern States at the feet of their victorious antagonists, the gigantic task of reconstruction which must be undertaken by the political leaders of the North, and above all, the unpromising character of the man whom an accident has made the ruler of the Union for the next four years, tend to exalt our estimate of the loss which the States have suffered in the murder of their President; but it would be unjust not to acknowledge that Mr. Lincoln was a man who could not under any circumstances have been easily replaced. Starting from an humble position to one of the greatest eminence, and adopted by the republican party as a make-shift, simply because Mr. Seward and their other prominent leaders were obnoxious to different sections of the party, it was natural that his career should be watched with jealous suspicion. The office cast upon him was great, its duties most onerous, and the obscurity of his past career afforded no guaranty of his ability to discharge them. His short comings, moreover, were on the surface. The education of a man whose early years had been spent in earning bread by manual labor had necessarily been defective, and faults of manner and errors of taste repelled the observer at the outset. In spite of these drawbacks, Mr. Lincoln slowly won for himself the respect and confidence of all. His perfect honesty speedily became apparent, and what is perhaps more to his credit, amid the many unstudied speeches which he was called upon from time to time to deliver, imbued though they were with the rough humor of his early associates, he was in none of them betrayed into any intemperance of language towards his opponents or towards neutrals. His utterances were apparently careless, but his tongue was always under command. The quality of Mr. Lincoln's administration which served however more than any other to enlist the sympathy of bystanders was its conservative progress. He felt his way gradually to his conclusions, and those who will compare the dif-

ferent stages of his career one with another will find that his mind was growing throughout the course of it. The *naïveté* with which he once suggested to the negroes that they should take themselves off to Central America, because their presence in the States was inconvenient to the white population, soon disappeared. The gradual change of his language and of his policy was most remarkable. Englishmen learnt to respect a man who showed the best characteristics of their race in his respect for what is good in the past, acting in unison with a recognition of what was made necessary by the events of passing history. But the growth of Mr. Lincoln's mind was subject to a singular modification. It would seem that he felt himself of late a mere instrument engaged in working out a great cause, which he could partly recognize, but which he was powerless to control. In the mixed strength and weakness of his character he presented a remarkable contrast to Mr. Seward, who was his coadjutor for more than four years, and who must, we fear, be reckoned his fellow-victim. The Secretary of State long before his elevation to office was a prominent citizen of New York. More than a quarter of a century ago he was the Governor of that State, and for twelve years he represented it in the Senate. In the Empire City and at Washington he had attained a culture which the Illinois lawyer never acquired. But the experience of the politician had, perhaps, weakened the independence of Mr. Seward's character, and he never inspired the same confidence as his chief, because it was not known by what influences his course might not be modified.

What may be the actual destiny of the United States, deprived of the guiding hand of Mr. Lincoln and of the experience of Mr. Seward, no one would venture to foretell. In compliance with the provisions of the Constitution, Mr. Andrew Johnson has assumed the Presidency for the rest of Mr. Lincoln's term. At the time when the last mail left New York the States had not recovered from the feeling of horror and astonishment which had been created by the news of Mr. Lincoln's assassination, but the possibility of Mr. Johnson's succeeding to the Presidency had been discussed when such an event was thought highly improbable, and it was earnestly deprecated by all parties. The indecorous exhibition upon the occasion of the inauguration of Mr. Johnson as Vice-President was of a piece with his previous career, and indeed, the memory of his conduct as

Governor of Tennessee must fill every American with the gloomiest forebodings. On the other hand, any thing like a violent interruption of the succession is a thing which an American citizen with his almost idolatrous veneration for the Constitution would shrink from instinctively. The best solution of the difficulty would be a voluntary resignation by Mr. Johnson of an office which no one ever seriously intended him to fill, and if his own sense of decency does not suggest this course to him, it may be hoped that such a pressure of public opinion will be brought to bear upon him that he may be led to adopt it. His instant assumption of the Presidency was probably deemed necessary, and under such exciting circumstances, little can be gathered from the few words uttered by Mr. Johnson when the oath of office was administered to him. The task which lies before the President and his Cabinet is the most considerable that has engaged the attention of statesmen for several generations. It was doubtful whether Mr. Lincoln could have accomplished it; it is morally certain that Mr. Johnson cannot. The fate of a nation hangs in the balance, and we wait with anxiety to see which way it will turn.

From the Star.

One would gladly, for the poor sake of common humanity, have caught at the idea that the crime was but the work of some maniacal partisan. But the mere nature of the deeds, without any additional evidence whatever, bids defiance to such an idea. While the one murderer was slaying the President of the republic, the other was making his even more dastardly attempt upon the life of the sick and prostrate Secretary. It does not need even the disclosures which have now, too late for any good purpose, reached official quarters to prove that two madmen cannot become simultaneously inspired with the same monstrous project and impelled at the one moment to do their several parts of the one bloody business. The chivalry of the South has had much European compliment of late. It has been discovered to be the fount and origin of all the most noble and knightly qualities which the world heretofore had principally known throughout the medium of mediæval romance. Let it not be forgotten that Southern brains lately planned the conflagration of a peaceful city. It never can be forgotten while history is read that the hands of Southern partisans have been reddened by the foulest assassin plot the world has ever known, that they have been treacherously dipped in the blood of

one of the best citizens and purest patriots to whom the land of Washington gave birth.

From the Daily Telegraph.

The news is so sudden and so startling that its full import can hardly be realized at once. That shot in the private box—the wild stir and alarm of the audience—the horror of the actors, as the assassin jumped upon the stage and mocked their mimic drama by his own awful crime—these things picture themselves as a dim, confused, terrible vision, whose outlines can scarcely be traced even by the steadiest eye and the calmest hand. The deed seems all the more frightful because it was so easily committed; because no soldiery with drawn swords and glittering helmets guarded the approach to Lincoln's box; because any citizen could approach him, just as any citizen the day before could have walked, scarcely questioned, into his official residence. This splendid reliance upon the people has hitherto been safe; but every land has its felons, and the miscreant Booth has perchance murdered that mutual confidence between ruler and ruled which was the essence of republicanism.

From the Shipping Gazette.

It would seem that in the fall of President Lincoln the North have sustained a loss which, in the present state of affairs, it will be difficult to repair. He was, perhaps, the only man connected with the government in whom the Republican party had unlimited confidence—a confidence inspired by the conviction of his inherent honesty. His official successor is admittedly unequal to the occasion, yet he can claim to occupy his present position as a right for four years. How a dislocated government, deprived of its directing mind, and of the extraordinary energy and determination which that mind possessed, is to set about the work which the Cabinet of Washington is called upon to do, is a question which no wise man would pretend to answer.

RECEPTION OF THE NEWS.

From the Shipping Gazette.

The intelligence of the assassination of President Lincoln and the attempt to assassinate Mr. Seward caused a most extraordinary sensation in the city on Wednesday. Towards noon the news became known, and it spread rapidly from mouth to mouth in all directions. At first many were incredulous as to the truth of the rumor, and some believed it to have been set afloat for purposes in connection with the Stock Exchange. The house of

Peabody & Co., American bankers, in Broad street, had received early intelligence of the assassination, and from there the news was carried to the Bank of England, whence it quickly radiated in a thousand directions. Meanwhile it was being wafted far and wide by the second editions of the morning papers, and was supplemented later in the day by the publication of additional particulars. Shortly after twelve o'clock it was communicated to the Lord Mayor while he was sitting in the justice-room of the mansion house, and about the same time "the star-spangled banner" was hoisted half-mast high over the American consulate at the corner of Grace Church street. The same flag had but a few days before floated in triumph from the same place on the entry of the Federals into Richmond, and still later on the surrender of General Lee. Between one and two o'clock the third edition of the Times containing a circumstantial narrative of the affair made its appearance in the city, and became immediately in extraordinary demand. A news-vender in the Royal Exchange was selling it at half a crown a copy, and by half-past three o'clock it could not be had there for money. The excitement caused by the intelligence was everywhere manifest, and in the streets, on the rail, on the river, in the law court, the terrible event was the theme of conversation. The revival of the event of the Road-hill murder, which in the earlier part of the day had created a profound sensation, sank into insignificance in comparison with the interest and astonishment excited by the news of the tragedy at Washington. A photographer in Cornhill, "taking time by the forelock," exhibited *cartes* of the deceased President in his window, inscribed "the late Mr. Lincoln," accompanied by an account of the assassination cut from the second edition of a contemporary. Throughout the remainder of the day the evening papers were sold in unexampled numbers, and often at double and treble the ordinary price, all evincing the universal interest felt in the astounding intelligence.

The scene on the Liverpool Exchange was such as will not be forgotten for a long time. At half-past eleven it was announced that Mr. Younghusband, the secretary and treasurer of the Liverpool Exchange News-rooms, was in possession of the news. A terrible rush took place from the "flags" into the news-room; and after a few minutes it was announced that Mr. Younghusband would read aloud the despatch from the bar of the news-room. All was now silent; the passage wherein it was stated that President Lincoln had been shot caused no great

dismay; but when the master of the rooms read, "The President never rallied, and died this morning," there was a general expression of horror. Certainly there was one dissential voice who had the temerity to exclaim "Hurrah!" His presence in the news-room was of short duration, for being seized by the collar by as good a Southerner as there is in Liverpool, he was summarily ejected from the room, the gentleman who first seized him exclaiming, "Be off, you incarnate fiend! you are an assassin at heart." In the course of the afternoon the flags on the American Consul's house and the Exchange buildings were placed half-mast; and a deputation, irrespective of American party feelings, proceeded to the town hall, in order to consult with the Mayor as to the desirability of holding a public meeting for the purpose of sending out an address of condolence to the people of the United States. The Mayor being absent, no definite arrangement was arrived at, but the Deputy-Mayor gave orders that the town-hall flag should be at once hoisted half-mast. The American ships in the river and in the docks, as soon as the news was known, hoisted "half-high" flags, and in many instances the Union Jack and the stars and stripes were bound together with crape or black cloth. The President of the Southern Club convened a meeting of all the members for the purpose of ascertaining whether it was desirable to take any official action upon the event. The members of the club were unanimous in their expression of abhorrence and reprobation of the foul deed. A memorial praying the Mayor to convene a meeting in St. George's hall, to enable the public to express their indignation with regard to the assassination of President Lincoln, was signed by 600 gentlemen on 'Change within an hour.

At Birmingham the news produced a profound sensation, and as much of sympathy, consternation, and dismay as can be conceived; in fact, as to all of these feelings, second only to one other calamity which might have afflicted this nation and the world. It was a little past twelve o'clock when the first despatch was received here announcing this sad occurrence. Like all other bad news, this spread rapidly and in less than half an hour the Exchange where the despatches were posted was thronged with persons in whose faces were depicted an expression of the deepest anxiety. Very many were reluctant to believe the news, and in a state of feverish and eager desire clung to the hope that the despatch was some stock-jobbing trick or fraud for some sinister pur-

pose. Nearly three hours passed away without the receipt of any confirmation of the first despatch, and hope was reviving, when the full details of the appalling tragic occurrence just perpetrated at Washington came to hand. There was no face in which grief was not depicted, no sentiment uttered but that of abhorrence at these foul crimes; although there has always been a strong feeling of sympathy here for the Southerners, and never more so than during the last hours of the gigantic efforts of the noble-hearted Lee and his valiant soldiers, there is nothing but detestation at the foul murder with which this fratricidal war has been crowned. The Mayor was absent in London when this afflicting news was received, but his worship was immediately telegraphed to, with the view of some immediate expression in reference to this untoward event by the people of the town.

From the London Times, April 29.

If anything could mitigate the distress of the American people in their present affliction, it might surely be the sympathy which is expressed by the people of this country. We are not using the hyperbole in describing the manifestation of feeling as unexampled. Nothing like it has been witnessed in our generation, for we except of course those domestic visitations in which the affliction of a sovereign is naturally the affliction of the nation. But President Lincoln was only the chief of a foreign State, and of a State with which we were not unfrequently in diplomatic or political collision. He might have been regarded as not much more to us than the head of any friendly government, and yet his end has already stirred the feelings of the public to their uttermost depths. It has been said that the papal aggression created a more universal excitement among us than had been produced by any political event for a whole generation, but that excitement was of gradual and tardy growth. At first the news fell flat upon the public mind, and was treated with unconcern. It was not till later in the day that the resentment of the nation found a voice. But now a space of twenty-four hours has sufficed not only to fill the country with grief and indignation, but to evoke almost unprecedented expressions of feeling from constituted bodies. It was but on Wednesday that the intelligence of the murder reached us, and on Thursday the Houses of Lords and Commons, the Corporation of the City of London, and the people of our chief manufacturing towns in public meeting assembled, had recorded their sentiments or expressed

their views. In the House of Lords the absence of precedent for such a manifestation was actually made the subject of remark.

That much of this extraordinary feeling is due to the tragical character of the event and the horror with which the crime is regarded is doubtless true, nor need we dissemble the fact that the loss which the Americans have sustained is also thought our own loss in so far as one valuable guaranty for the amity of the two nations may have been thus removed. But, upon the whole, it is neither the possible embarrassment of international relations nor the infamous wickedness of the act itself which has determined public feeling. The preponderating sentiment is sincere and genuine sympathy—sorrow for the chief of a great people struck down by an assassin, and sympathy for that people in the trouble which at a crisis of their destinies such a catastrophe must bring. Abraham Lincoln was as little of a tyrant as any man who ever lived. He could have been a tyrant had he pleased, but he never uttered so much as an ill-natured speech. The civil war was attended by all war's own horrors in too many instances, but there was no cruelty at Washington or New York—hardly any prolonged or unaccountable severity. In the whole of this sanguinary strife, notwithstanding the exasperation of popular feeling, there has been no political bloodthirstiness. Fanatical speakers have given vent to their passions on the platform, but violence never went beyond words. If the people of the seceding States were rebels, as the people of the North chose to consider them, never was rebellion, except on the field of battle, more gently handled. The North put forth its whole strength and exerted its whole energies to conquer the insurrection and subdue the insurgents, but, on the single condition of reünion, it would promptly have made peace with them again. At first, the South might have had almost its will even in the matter of slavery, and to the very last, even up to the meeting of President Lincoln with the Southern commissioners in Hampton Roads, he was ready with amnesty, oblivion, and liberal consideration for incidental difficulties. At any moment the rebellion itself and all its terrible cost would have been forgiven, and the South might have had its venture for independence at no charge but that of the war itself.

A melancholy interest will now attach to the ceremony of inauguration on the 4th of last March, and those who incline superstitiously to the notion of prognostics or coincidences will probably think with some

emotion of the brief and even mournful speech in which the reflected President characterized the occasion. The grave and despondent tone of his short address was so strongly contrasted with the usual oratory of his countrymen as to create remark at the time, and it seemed as if some insight into the future impressed him with misgivings unknown to others. Except, indeed, for such forecast or presentiment, there was nothing to suggest distrust. The dreadful storm by which the eve of the inauguration had been signalized, and which frightened the members of Congress from their seats in the dim gray of the dawn, had given way to fairer weather, and a streak of light in the sky enlivened the day. We read now with a strange kind of sensation of the popularity and security which the President enjoyed, and which enabled him to drive unprotected and in an open carriage through the streets of the capital. At the time the fact seemed hardly worth recording, but we were reminded that four years before it had not been so, and that when in 1861 Abraham Lincoln first took office his appearance in public was thought not unattended with risk. With still deeper interest may we observe that on this last occasion, when all around the President seemed so hopeful, and yet he himself seemed so depressed, his life did, perhaps, hang by a thread. It appears not improbable that the crime just perpetrated was originally plotted for the day of inauguration. The mail of that time informed us that a man was actually arrested at Washington on suspicion of such a design, and it is now said that papers belonging to the assassin show that before the 4th of March the conspiracy had really been matured.

In all America there was, perhaps, not one man who less deserved to be the victim of this revolution than he who has just fallen. He did nothing to aggravate the quarrel; short of conceding the independence demanded by the South he did everything to prevent or abbreviate it. He recognized it as his one great duty to preserve the Union, and, whatever opinions may be entertained in this country about the war and its policy, nobody can say that such a principle was otherwise than becoming in the President of the Republic. He was doubtless glad at last to see slavery perish, but his personal opinions on that subject were not permitted to influence the policy of the government while there was a chance of escaping the extremities of strife. His homely kindness of feeling, his plain sense and his instinctive aversion from violence combined to keep

him in a course of clemency and to incline him to conciliation whenever it might be practicable. He was hardly a representative republican so much as a representative American. He did not express the extreme opinions even of his own party. He did worship the Union, but next to that he put peace.

These are the feelings which have prompted our present manifestations, and if the Americans set as much store by our English opinions as they are said to do, they may console themselves with the assurance that no incident in the history of a foreign State could have excited more universal or more genuine sehasion. The addresses which they will receive from us are expressions of sincere and unaffected sympathy. In its political aspect the event is momentous enough, but of that at the moment we do not desire to take heed. We trust that the counsels of the Republic may be guided by a spirit like that of its late chief, but by our present proceedings we design only to put on record and communicate to Americans a feeling which can differ only in intensity from that of Americans themselves.

From the Spectator, 29th April.

On Wednesday morning the telegraph brought news from America which, as Mr. Gladstone says, struck Europe "with a thrill of horror." A double assassination had been committed in Washington. The noblest President whom America has had since the time of Washington, certainly the best, if not the ablest, man ruling over any country in the civilized world, had been assassinated on the 14th April.

It was the anniversary of the fall of Fort Sumter, the day on which the Union flag was rehoisted on its walls. General Grant was to have been with Mr. Lincoln in the box, and the assassin had apparently provided himself with two weapons, a single-barrelled pistol with which he shot Mr. Lincoln, and a long dagger with which he probably might have stabbed General Grant, had not the General fortunately departed by a late train to Burlington. The murderer leaped upon the stage, crying out "*Sic semper tyrannis!*"—the motto of Virginia—and escaped by the side avenues of the theatre, which were familiar to him. Mrs. Lincoln's shrieks first told the spectators that the firing of the pistol was not a part of the play. The scene round the President's death-bed—he lingered till morning—is described as affecting in the extreme. Mr. Stanton, the Secretary for War, sat beside him, crying like a child; Mr. Sumner held the dying

President's hand during the night, and the rest of the Cabinet (except, of course, Mr. Seward) lingered in the room. At half-past seven, A. M., on the 15th of April, Abraham Lincoln ended the short but glorious career which will place him forever among the noblest rulers of the world.

It is hard sometimes to abstain from accusing Providence of irony. In the supreme hour of his career, when the enfranchisement of a race and the future of a continent seemed to hang upon his safety, when, after four years of battle, the peace for which he had longed throughout appeared almost in sight, and, after four years of depreciation, the whole world at last recognized his value, when men had ceased to speak of the importance of his life, because the thought of his death seemed to impugn the kindness of Heaven, America has lost Mr. Lincoln. It has lost him, too, in the only way in which his death could by possibility have neutralized any of the effects of his life. There never was a moment in the history of his country when firmness and shrewdness and gentleness were so unspeakably important, and the one man in America whose resolve on the crucial question was unchangeable, whose shrewdness statesmen indefinitely keener than himself could never baffle, whose gentleness years of incessant insult had failed to weary out, who, possessed of these qualities, was possessed also of the supreme power, and who had convinced even his enemies that the power would be exerted under the influence of the qualities, has been taken away from his work. The future of the black race still oscillates between serfage and freedom, and the one man sure to have preferred freedom, and preferring to have secured it, has been removed; the feeling of the white race fluctuates between forgiveness and vindictiveness, and the one man whose influence would have insured mercy has been murdered amidst the race who are striving to forgive by the class towards whom he forbade vindictiveness. As if to show that the South is unworthy of pardon, a Southerner assassinates the ruler who on that very day was contending with his cabinet for the policy of pardon to the South, and who must be succeeded by a man, who, avowedly worshipping the people, can scarcely, even to conciliate that people, restrain his own desire for a policy of vengeance. Whatever of vindictiveness is latent in the Northern heart has been supplied at once with an excuse which even the

South will not deny, and with the very agent whom vindictiveness in full swing might have prompted the nation to elect. It is the very irony of fate, a calamity for which the single consolation lies in the old expression of a trust to which political faith is mere suspicion, "Shall not the Judge of all the world do right?" With the ship barely over the bar the pilot falls dead upon the deck—and it must be well, but the sailors may be pardoned if for the moment they feel as if the harbor would never be attained. It is hard to estimate even the immediate effects of a disaster so great and so unexpected; the consequences are so vast, the data so numerous, that the mind is bewildered by the effort preliminary to calculation. The main datum of all is, however, secured; the law-abiding North rejects the idea of revolution, and intends to accept Mr. Andrew Johnson as its chief magistrate, and that fact once granted, two or three results will, we think, seem to reflecting men almost inevitable. 1. The North has suffered an immense loss of power; 2, the prospect of peace has been weakened, if not materially, still perceptibly; but (3) the triumph of the great cause itself is as secure as ever.

1. The North has lost in Mr. Lincoln an advantage of organization great always, but greatest in a democracy—a ruler whose power was based upon the laws, but who was in action nearly absolute. Mr. Lincoln entertained from the first a high idea of his own responsibility as the elected representative of the nation, and four years of incessant strife passed almost without a blunder had secured him a popular confidence which made his will almost irresistible. Not originally a statesman, and always hampered by defective knowledge, as, for example, in finance, he had risen gradually above circumstances till his enemies denounced him as an autocrat, till his ministers became clerks, his generals instruments, his envoys agents to carry out his commands. So thoroughly had the belief in his honesty and capacity penetrated the national mind, that had he five hours after the fall of Richmond dismissed General Grant from the service without a reason the people would, while still sore and wondering, have believed that the reason must be adequate. When once resolved on his course no politician ventured to dictate to him, no general to disobey him, no State to lock the wheels of the machine. "In the end," he said once, "the decision must rest with me," and the people had learned to know that it was best it should so rest. An authority so wide gave coherence

to the national action, brought to it all advantages of Caesarism without the tendency to dependence which is apt to be its heaviest drawback. The nation still thought and decided for itself, but so perfect was the harmony between it and its Head that his command had the irresistible force of an utterance of the national will, against which any individual, whether he represented like Fremont a great territorial section, or like Mr. Seymour a compact organization, or like General McClellan an entire party in the army and the nation, shattered himself in vain. Mr. Lincoln had come to be, like Cavour, a man whose spoken word carried with it the crushing authority of a popular vote, who, while in appearance only representative, was in reality as absolute as if the people itself had been embodied in him. Such a man is the necessity of every revolution, and in losing him the Union has lost the strongest link in its momentary organization. Mr. Andrew Johnson, even were he Mr. Lincoln's superior, would have none of this authority beyond office, and, being what he is, will probably have less than his office would of itself confer. It is probable that his personal capacity is in England very much underrated. A journeyman tailor who learned to read at twenty, yet at fifty made himself Governor of his State, and is now President of a vast republic, must have something in him, be it only the combination of qualities we are accustomed to call luck. A Western rough who happened to be drunk at the wrong moment is not necessarily a fool, and Mr. Johnson, we are informed, has forsworn drink for the future. But even should he display the qualities he may possess — vigor, incisiveness and comprehension of the West — he must still lack the authority which Mr. Lincoln derived from the national trust. His first speech showed that he wished to be guided by his Cabinet, instead of guiding it; his chief secretary will probably be forced on him by some combination; the general who resists him will not thereby forfeit popular support; the action of the State which cancels his orders will be judged solely upon its merits. The whole machine is weakened by the loss, or rather it has ceased for the moment to be a machine, and become a collection of parts which demand reconnection. If the new President falls into good hands the reconnection may be quickly effected, but the moment requires a government in which all can have confidence, and for the moment no one can assign a good reason for confidence in Mr. Andrew Johnson. Suppose, for example, General Sherman to

quarrel with General Grant, the President must decide, but the decision of Mr. Lincoln would have been final; that of Mr. Johnson is subject to popular ratification. The whole North gave up General Butler in hearty rage because he presumed to denounce Mr. Lincoln's fiat dismissing him from his command — but suppose the fiat had come from a distrusted chief? The change weakens the government, and to be moderate in such an hour the American government needs to be irresistibly strong. Mr. Lincoln could dare to pardon, could have pardoned Mr. Davis himself, for the people knew that their end was also unchangeably his, but would Mr. Johnson dare? His lenity will not be proof to the nation that lenity will secure its object, more especially at a moment when lenity even in Mr. Lincoln would have seemed to the popular instinct misplaced. If the greatest thinker on earth had been asked last year to state what the Union needed most, he would probably have replied a despot whose power should not be available for tyranny, — and that the Union had secured, and that in the murder of Mr. Lincoln it has lost.

2. The chances of peace are diminished, to what degree it is impossible to say, but still diminished. The mad ruffian who has just murdered the representative man of his country as he would have murdered an opponent in a Southern tavern broil, has killed the one man on whom the South could have relied for justice and moderation. Mr. Lincoln's mere existence as President was a permanent offer of peace upon unchangeable terms, a guaranty to every State in the confederacy that if it would do certain acts it would at once be replaced in a certain position, acts and position being alike endurable. Where is the guaranty now? Mr. Andrew Johnson is probably far more merciful than his talk, may follow his predecessor's policy, may indeed have only expressed a wish for severity because as Vice-President he had no other means of being individual at all. But there is and can be no *proof* of all this, and till it is proved, till, for instance, it is certain that the new President is no advocate for confiscation, every State which can hesitate, will, even if its mind had been previously made up. Mr. Johnson has lived the life of a border abolitionist, a man whose one great idea has forced him daily to take his life in his hand, who has learnt to regard the slaveholders as deadly personal foes, to view them as a class deserving neither mercy nor justice. That, as far as the system is con-

cerned, is well; but it is the worst mood in which a reformer can approach the individuals whom his reform affects. The South by its own act has exchanged a conqueror whom it could trust for a conqueror it has reason to dread, and it must therefore hesitate, if it can, to place itself finally in that conqueror's hand. Add to this cause of delay the shock to the negroes, who, like all half-civilized men, understand a principle chiefly through a name, the new excitement to Southern imagination in the prospect of Northern confusion, the new hope which will spring in Southern statesmen that Mr. Johnson, violent and ignorant, may affront France or menace England, and we shall see ample cause to fear the protraction of the war. Fortunately the catastrophe occurred when success had been in substance achieved, and it is not the fact but only the time of victory which is in question, but still there may be delay.

3. And yet the cause must win, not only because Providence governs as well as reigns, — though events like the one we deplore force even politicians to recall the single certainty of politics, — not only because a cause never hangs upon a single life, but because of the special circumstances of this individual case. This war from first to last has been a people's war, commenced, conducted, and sustained by the instinct of a whole nation slowly shaping itself into action and finding for itself expression. The singular position of Mr. Lincoln, a position unparalleled, we believe, in modern history, or paralleled by that of Cavour alone, was, that while intensely individual he was in the most perfect and complete degree a reflector of the national will. His convictions, originally those of an average American of the Western States, advanced in perfect independence at the same rate as those of the country, from recognizing the need of an expedition to enduring the sacrifices of continued campaigns, from a distrust of the extension of slavery to an iron resolve that it should cease; until at last his public utterances attained something of that volume of sound and depth and variety of meaning which belong to the expression of genuinely national opinions. When Cavour resigned after Villafranca men knew without telling that Italy had made up its mind that Villafranca should be a phrase; when Mr. Lincoln declared that should the negroes ever be reënslaved "another not I" would be the agent, the world perceived that abolition had become a fixed constituent in the national creed. The people have lost their mouthpiece, but not the determination which

he so clearly expressed. His death, whatever else it may do, will certainly not diminish their hatred of slavery, or of that habit of violence, that contempt of all obstacles human and divine when they stand in the way of self-will, which slavery engenders. "The black man resists, lash him; the white man defies us, kill him," that is the syllogism of slavery which Wilkes Booth has worked out in the face of all mankind. He killed Mr. Lincoln as he would have killed a man who preached abolition, or crossed his speculations, or defeated him at cards, as men used to be killed every day in New Orleans if they gave offence to men trained from boyhood to regard their own will as almost sacred. The North will not love the slaveholders the more for perceiving so clearly whither their system tends, for realizing that in the murder of Mr. Lincoln, as in the assault on Mr. Sumner, lawless force is the natural expression of the spirit of the institution. Slavery was doomed before, it will be hated now, and the motive power of the Revolution is the necessity of ending slavery. Nor is the organization framed for that end shattered by Mr. Lincoln's death. The framework has been terribly tested by that great shock, but it has stood, and Mr. Andrew Johnson has ascended the chair as easily as if two-thirds of his people were not humiliated by his ascent. The idea so prevalent here that his elevation might be prevented by force never had any foundation, Americans being well aware that any President however incompetent is better than any Cæsar however able. Efficient or inefficient, however, the cause is too strong for him. The armies may be worse guided than before, but they are intact; the generals may be less sure of support, but they are even more independent; the people may be compelled to express themselves more clumsily, but they are even more determined; the officials will want restraint, but they will be only more decided to keep the machine in its groove. Every thing will be slower, but the power is just as resistless as before. The South may, and we think will, delay its submission, but that is a question of time, not of victory; the North may exact harder terms, but they will but pulverize the oligarchy into finer grains. For the South the misfortune is irreparable, but for the North the death of Mr. Lincoln is but a new burden to bear, the equivalent of a new campaign, the loss of a regulator, not of motive power. Mr. Lincoln was the skilled driver, Mr. Johnson is an unskilled, but under either the locomotive will go on to its journey's end.

From the Saturday Review, April 29.

The atrocious crimes which have been committed at Washington supersede for the moment in interest the military collapse of the confederacy. No assassinations recorded in history have been perpetrated with more melodramatic success. The bigots who murdered Henry III. and Henry IV. of France were instantly arrested, and in recent times Bellingham, after killing Mr. Percival, had not a single chance of escape. The criminal who murdered Mr. Lincoln was allowed to pass out of a crowded theatre, and he had even the opportunity of addressing a prepared epigram to the audience. The assassin of Mr. Seward encountered with impunity even more extraordinary risks, for he ventured alone into a house where at least four able-bodied men attempted in vain to protect the principal victim, or to prevent the escape of the assassin.

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Sudden and violent death, although it shocks the survivors, is happily not in itself an evil. Mr. Lincoln may almost be deemed fortunate in the brilliant hopefulness of the moments which proved to be his last. The greatest general of the confederacy had surrendered a few days before, with the remnant of one of the bravest armies which have ever resisted superior force. There was every reason to believe that the reconquest of Virginia was but a step to the complete reestablishment of the Union. Mr. Lincoln, in his latest speech, proposed a plan for restoring civil government which was apparently both impracticable and unjust, but he had good reason to believe that the overthrow of the Southern armies was a death-blow to secession. Although he had at the same time issued a proclamation which gave just cause of offence to neutral governments, there is no reason to suppose that he meditated aggression on any foreign country. According to Mr. Stanton's statement, Mr. Lincoln had been unusually cheerful at a meeting of the Cabinet on the morning of the murder, and it may readily be believed that he expressed kindly feelings to General Lee and to some other Southern leaders. General Grant, who is said to have been included in the plans of the assassin, had fortunately left Washington on the same day, after sharing in the deliberations of the Cabinet. The President might well be satisfied with the conduct and fortune of the Commander-in-chief, and he probably approved of the courteous firmness which had been displayed in the recent military negotiations. It was after consul-

tation with General Grant that the government had determined to suspend recruiting, and to effect vast and rapid reductions in the naval and military establishments. It is certain that, in the opinion of those who are best qualified to judge, the war was nearly over; nor is it likely that, if ordinary prudence is exercised, the death of Mr. Lincoln will seriously interfere with the restoration of peace. The worst consequences which could follow from an isolated crime would be the possible embitterment of Northern feeling, and the consequent infliction of outrage and indignity on a population which may perhaps be wavering between pride and submission.

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If, however, the Federal government acts with prudence and firmness, the catastrophe which has occurred will neither suspend the movement of the armies nor materially affect public policy.

Mr. Andrew Johnson, who has unexpectedly succeeded to the Presidency, will now have an opportunity of effacing some doubtful associations of his previous career. There can be no doubt that he possesses some extraordinary vigor of character, and some of his defects are those of a self-educated and self-made man. Without the possession of remarkable qualities he could not have raised himself from the lowest condition to the rank of Democratic senator for the slave State of Tennessee. One of his claims to the confidence of his fellow-citizens consisted in his violent partisanship, and in his consistent support of all plans for extending slavery. He advocated the spoliation of Texas, the unprovoked war against Mexico, and the audacious project of annexing Cuba as a security against the possible abolition of slavery by the Spanish government. On one vital point, however, he differed from his political associates, as he steadily preferred the maintenance of the Union even to the interests of slavery. At the commencement of the secession he declared his uncompromising hostility to the project of separation, and he not unfairly earned the office of Military Governor of that portion of the State which was from time to time controlled by the Federal arms.

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In the mean time Mr. Johnson had been rewarded for his preference of the Union to his party and his State by the high sinecure office of Vice-President, involving a contingent succession to the head of the republic. The belief that primary allegiance was due to the State rather than to the federation,

had been almost universal in the South. Many of the most eminent leaders of the confederacy openly disapproved of secession, and it is known that General Lee himself considered the measure unnecessary, but private opinions were overruled by the State loyalty which was deemed by the great majority of Americans a primary duty. Native and foreign theorists have of late affected to regard a State as only an exaggerated county, but their glib generalizations have been confuted by the self-sacrificing unanimity of senators, representatives, governors, and officers in the army and navy, in following the fortunes of their sovereign States in defiance of the rival sovereignty of Washington. Mr. Johnson's opposite course may probably have been conscientious, and it was sufficiently exceptional to deserve official and popular recognition. The more objectionable passages of his career will be readily condoned if he learns in his great office to respect the rights of his own countrymen and of foreign governments. Americans have a characteristic facility in adapting themselves to new situations, and Mr. Johnson's interests are so absolutely coincident with his duty that he may perhaps still earn for himself an honorable place in history. His immediate course is sufficiently marked out by circumstances, and he is surrounded by able commanders who may be trusted with the remaining conduct of the war. Although the outrage inflicted on Mr. Seward provokes universal indignation and regret, it will not be difficult to find a more judicious Secretary of the State Department. If the rumor that Mr. Adams has been selected for the place is confirmed, one pledge will have been given for the adoption of a prudent and dignified policy.

During the arduous experience of four years Mr. Lincoln constantly rose in general estimation by calmness of temper, by an intuitively logical appreciation of the character of the conflict, and by undisputed sincerity. Above all, he showed that he was capable of learning from his own errors and from the course of events. He had the wisdom, during the final advance upon Richmond, to repose unlimited confidence in Grant. Of the bearing of slavery on the war he had from the first formed the opinion which became a constitutional ruler. As he said at an early period of the contest, he would have preserved slavery, or destroyed it, or let it alone, if by any of these methods he could have restored the Union. At the beginning of 1863 he issued the emancipation decree which looked like a crime,

and proved to be only a manifesto. If it had become operative in those unconquered portions of the South to which it was exclusively applicable, Mr. Lincoln would have been justly condemned as the author of an intolerable servile revolution. As the slaves remained tranquil, the proclamation served the useful and harmless purpose of advertising an inevitable change in the policy and object of the war. The enlistment of negroes was a more practical step in the same direction, and ultimately the President found himself strong enough to make emancipation an indispensable condition of peace. Among Mr. Lincoln's merits may be reckoned his want of the national fluency in speech and writing. He was seldom tempted to commit himself to the vamping professions of his ministers and political supporters. He allowed Mr. Seward to bluster to foreign governments, but he never blustered himself. Friendly observers assert, perhaps correctly, that, as Mr. Lincoln was the only apparently honest man in Washington, he was also exceptionally determined to preserve peace, notwithstanding the menaces of his subordinates. On the whole, he satisfied the requirements of a difficult position better than any rival who could be suggested. When he was reelected by a large majority, the choice of the republican party was generally approved at home and abroad; and if the people of England had shared in the election, the result would probably have been the same. Mr. Lincoln's good qualities cannot add to the horror which is felt at the murder, but they justify the general regret.

From the Economist.

The murder of Mr. Lincoln is a very great and very lamentable event, perhaps the greatest and most lamentable which has occurred since the *coup d'etat*, if not since Waterloo. It affects directly and immensely, the welfare of the three most powerful countries in the world, America, France and England, and it affects them all for evil. Time, circumstances and agent have all conspired as by some cruel perversity to increase the mischief and the horror of an act which at any moment, or under any circumstances, would have been most mischievous and horrible. It is not merely that a great man has passed away, but he has disappeared at the very time when his special greatness seemed almost essential to the world, when his death would work the widest conceivable evil, when the chance of replacing him, even partially, approached nearest to zero, and he has been removed in the very way which almost alone among causes of death

could have doubted the political injury entailed by the decease itself. His death destroys one of the strongest guaranties for continued peace between his country and the external world, while his murder diminishes almost indefinitely the prospects of reconciliation between the two camps into which that country has for four years been divided. At the very instant of all others, when North and South had most reason to see in his character a possibility of reünion, and to dread the accession of his inevitable successor, a Southerner murders him to place that successor in his chair, gives occasion for an explosion of sectional hate, and makes a man who has acknowledged that hate master of armies which can give to that hate an almost limitless expression in act. At the very moment when the dread of war between the Union and Western Europe seemed, after inflicting incessant injury for four years, about to die away, a murderer deprives us of the man who had most power and most will to maintain peace, and thereby enthrones another whose tendencies are at best an unknown quantity, but who is sure, from inexperience, to sway more towards violence than his predecessor. The injury done alike to the North, to the South, and to the world, is so irremediable, the consequences of the act may be so vast, and are certainly so numerous, that it is with some diffidence we attempt to point out the extent of the American loss, and the result that loss may produce.

The greatness of the American loss seems to us to consist especially in this. To guide and moderate a great revolution, and heal up the wounds created by civil war, it is essential that the government should be before all things strong. If it is weak it is sure either to be violent, or to allow some one of the jarring sections of the community to exhibit violence unrestrained, to rely on terror, as the French Convention, under a false impression of its own dangers, did, or to permit a party to terrorize, as the first Ministry of Louis the Eighteenth did. The "Reign of Terror," and the "Terreur Blanc" were alike owing, one to an imaginary the other to a real weakness on the part of the governing power.

There are so many passions to be restrained, so many armed men to be dealt with, so many fanatic parties to convince, so many private revenges to check, so many extra legal acts to do, that nothing except an irresistible government can ever hope to secure the end which every government by instinct tries to attain, namely, external order. Now, the difficulty of creating a strong govern-

ment in America is almost insuperable. The people in the first place dislike government, — not this or that administration, but government in the abstract, — to such a degree that they have invented a quasi philosophical theory, proving that government, like war or harlotry, is a "necessary evil." Moreover, they have constructed a machinery in the shape of States, specially and deliberately calculated to impede central action, to stop the exercise of power, to reduce government, except so far as it is expressed in arrests by the parish constable, to an impossibility. They have an absolute Parliament, and though they have a strong Executive, it is, when opposed to the people, or even when in advance of the people, paralyzed by a total absence of friends. To make this weakness permanent they have deprived even *themselves* of absolute power, have first forbidden themselves to change the Constitution, except under circumstances which never occur, and have then, through the machinery of the common schools, given to that Constitution the moral weight of a religious document. The construction of a strong government, therefore, *i. e.*, of a government able to do great acts very quickly, is really impossible, except in one event. The head of the Executive may, by an infinitesimal chance, be a man so exactly representative of the people, that his acts always represent their thoughts; so shrewd that he can steer his way amidst the legal difficulties piled deliberately in his path; and so good that he desires power only for the national ends. The chance of obtaining such a man was, as we say, infinitesimal; but the United States, by a good fortune of which they will one day be cruelly sensible, had obtained him. Mr. Lincoln, by a rare combination of qualities, — patience, sagacity and honesty, — by a still more rare sympathy, not with the best of his nation, but the best average of his nation, and by a moderation rarest of all, had attained such vast moral authority that he could make all the hundred wheels of the Constitution move in one direction without exerting any physical force. For example, in order to secure the constitutional prohibition of slavery, it is absolutely essential that some *forty-eight* separate representative bodies, differing in modes of election, in geographical interests, in education, in prejudices, should harmoniously and strongly coöperate; and so immense was Mr. Lincoln's influence — an influence, it must be remembered, unsupported in this case by power — that had he lived, that coöperation of which statesmen might well despair,

would have been a certainty. The President had in fact attained to the very position — the dictatorship, to use a bad description — required by revolutionary times. At the same time, this vast authority, not having been seized illegally, and being wielded by a man radically good, — who, for example, really revered civil liberty, and could tolerate venomous opposition, — could never be directed to ends wholly disapproved by those who conferred it. It was, in fact, the authority which nations find it so very hard to secure, which only Italy and America have in our time secured — a good and benevolent, but resistless, temporary despotism. That despotism, moreover, was exercised by a man whose brain was a very great one. We do not know in history such an example of the growth of a ruler in wisdom as was exhibited by Mr. Lincoln. Power and responsibility visibly widened his mind and elevated his character. Difficulties instead of irritating him as they do most men, only increased his reliance on patience; opposition, instead of ulcerating only made him more tolerant and determined. The very style of his public papers altered, till the very man who had written in an official despatch about "Uncle Sam's web feet," drew up his final inaugural in a style which extorted from critics so hostile as the Saturday Reviewers, a burst of involuntary admiration. A good but benevolent temporary despotism, wielded by a wise man, was the very instrument the wisest would have desired for the United States; and in losing Mr. Lincoln, the Union has lost it. The great authority attached by law to the President's office reverts to Mr. Johnson, but the far greater moral authority belonging to Mr. Lincoln disappears. There is no longer any person in the Union whom the Union dare or will trust to do exceptional acts, to remove popular generals, to override crotchety States, to grant concessions to men in arms, to act when needful, as in the Trent case, athwart the popular instinct.

The consequences of this immense loss can as yet scarcely be conjectured, for the one essential datum, the character of the President, is not known. It is probable that that character has been considerably misrepresented. Judging from information necessarily imperfect, we have formed an *ad interim* opinion that Mr. Johnson is very like an average Scotch tradesman, very shrewd, very pushing, very narrow, and very obstinate, inclined to take the advice of any one with more knowledge than himself, but unable to act on it when opposed to certain central con-

victions; not oppressive, but a little indifferent if his plans result in oppression, and subject to fits of enthusiasm as hard to deal with as fits of drunkenness. Should this estimate prove correct, we shall have in the United States a government absolutely resolved upon immediate abolition, whatever its consequences, foolish or wise according to the character of its advisers, very incapable of diplomacy, which demands above all things knowledge, very firm, excessively unpopular with its own agents, and liable to sudden and violent changes of course, so unaccountable as almost to appear freaks. Such a government will find it difficult to overcome the thousand difficulties presented by the organization of the States, by the bitterness of partisans, or by the exasperated feelings of the army, and will be driven, we fear, to overcome them by violence, or at least to deal with them in a spirit of unsparing rigor. It is, therefore, we conceive, *prima facie* probable that the South will be slower to come in, and much less ready to settle down when it has come in, than it would have been under Mr. Lincoln; and this reluctance will be increased by the consciousness that the North has at length obtained a plausible excuse for relentless severity. It will also be much more ready to escape its difficulties by foreign war. Beyond those two somewhat vague propositions, there are as yet too few data whatever for judgment. Least of all are there data to decide whether the North will adhere to the policy of moderation. Upon the whole we think they will, the average American showing in politics that remarkable lenity which arises from perfect freedom, and the consequent absence of fear; but he is also excitable, and it is on the first direction of that excitement that everything will depend. If it takes the direction of vengeance, Mr. Johnson, whose own mind has been embittered against the planters by family injuries, may break loose from his Cabinet; but if, as is much more probable, it takes the direction of over-reverence for the policy of the dead, he must coerce his own tendencies until time and the sobering effect of great power have extinguished them. He is certainly a strong man, though of rough type, and the effect of power on the strong is usually to soften.

From the Examiner.

More than half a century has gone by since a Prime Minister of England was struck down by the hand of an assassin in the lobby of the House of Commons.

Within that interval the only person of note, occupying a somewhat similar station, who has perished thus was M. Rossi, whom the government of Louis Philippe in an evil hour had sent to turn back Pius IX. on the path of constitutional reform. Many, indeed, have been the monarchs and the ministers threatened in our time with assassination. But all, with these exceptions, have somehow escaped. Our streets, indeed, have not been unstained with innocent blood, for who amongst us does not recall the fate of Mr. Drummond, the friend and private secretary, shot by mistake for Sir Robert Peel? But on the other side of the Atlantic the crime of Brutus, whom schoolboys are taught to admire, has hitherto been unknown. Hamilton's life, if we remember rightly, was, indeed, repeatedly threatened; as was that of John Quincy Adams, the father of the present American Minister in London. But for the first eighty years of its existence the great Republic of the West has been spared the grief and shame of harboring in its bosom any man base or mad enough to put in execution the cowardly design. The events of the last four years, however, have so heated and poisoned the current of the nation's blood that things seem to have become possible that were not so before. Far be it from us to indorse or sanction the sentiment which we hear with loathing muttered inarticulately in some quarters, and openly avowed by Mr. Mason, the Confederate agent here, that to shoot an unarmed man through the head while sitting in his box at the theatre, and to gain entrance into a sick man's room by lying, and to stab him to death in his bed, are "the necessary results" of civil war. If anything can approach in heinousness the acts themselves, it is the deliberate extenuation of them, and the attempt to divert public execration by imparting to them the dignity of political vengeance.

The cause of the South has earned itself many friends in England, and now that the cause is lost, it signifies comparatively little what blunders may be made by its agents or advocates. The game has been played out, and must soon come to an end, as far as the open struggle is concerned. But for the sake of the vanquished it is a frightful blunder to add by wanton words of seeming palliation to the just rage of a victorious people, whose chief counsellor and guide has been suddenly butchered before their eyes in cold blood, and whose principal minister of

State has hardly escaped a similar fate, while his unoffending son has probably been sacrificed in his filial effort to defend him. Public morals are outraged whenever the theory of ruffianism is gravely discussed. On no pretence will we have it; nor shall we tolerate equivocation or evasion in the matter. The leaders of the unsuccessful attempt at secession owe it to themselves and to their followers to wash their hands of President Lincoln's blood. Erring he may have been in their eyes as a politician; guilty he may have been in their judgment of great faults as a statesman. But it is an indecency we will not endure that these faults or errors should be debated over his bleeding corpse.

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For the honor of England we are glad that from the highest to the lowest in the land there has been heard only one voice of horror for the crime, followed by the calm and unreserved expressions of national condolence. This is as it should be. Great calamities have in them nearly always the virtue, if we would but recognize it, of enabling us to forget grudges and grievances, mutual affronts and miserable resentments. In the awful presence of death, nature comes back and resumes her reign in our hearts, bidding us to forgive and to forget, to make large allowance for the difficulties wherewith we have not been tried, and the provocations which we have been spared. International pique and jealousy, and all the irritation that comes of the license of free speech, are, after all, but as chaff on the threshing-floor of affliction. The rich fruits of national tradition and experience remain. The people of America are nearer to us than we have sometimes remembered of late; nearer in their fundamental laws, and ideas of order and authority; nearer in their religious sentiments and observances; nearer in their habits of thought and effort; nearer in their intellectual culture and the great sanctions of domestic life, than any other great people in the world. We cannot if we would, and assuredly we would not if we could, dissociate ourselves in sympathy or interest from them. We have interchanged national charities in days of need: in the darkest hour of America's grief our fitting place is that of chief among the mourners. It is not the man, but the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, whom the spirit of England follows to the grave.

From the Pall Mall Gazette, April 27.

Fuller consideration of the nature of

the tremendous event which yesterday's telegrams announced does not tend to diminish the impression which the first announcement of the greatest crime of our day produced. The act of Booth, if he is the criminal, stands by itself in the iniquities of the present generation; for, whatever may be the faults of modern society, political assassination is not one of them. Such crimes have been for centuries almost unknown in this country. Perceval was the victim of a madman; the murder of Buckingham took place nearly two hundred and fifty years ago; and with those two exceptions there is hardly one case to be met with in English history of such an act. On the continent of Europe assassinations of any importance have been in modern times rare, though attempts to assassinate have been more common. Twice, however, within the memory of the present generation the streets of Paris have been made the scene of assassinations which almost assumed the proportions of massacres — once when Orsini threw his bombs at the Emperor's carriage, and once when Fieschi fired his infernal machine at Louis Philippe, and killed and wounded nearly 100 persons. The assassination of the Duc de Berry was political, and that of the Prince of Parma, though occasioned by private vengeance, may have had political motives also. The assault on the Emperor of Austria was a clear attempt at a political assassination, and it was within a hair's breadth of success. All of these crimes were bad enough. The crimes of Fieschi and Orsini were in their circumstances worse than that of Booth, inasmuch as they involved the sacrifice of many unoffending persons; but hateful as they were, they all had the excuse of being at least intelligible. Fieschi was perfectly right in believing that if he could but kill Louis Philippe there would be a considerable chance of the downfall of the Orleans dynasty; and Orsini no doubt had reasons for thinking that good might come to Italy even from an unsuccessful attempt on the life of Louis Napoleon. If we go back to earlier times, it will always be found that both the theory and the practice of assassins has proceeded on the principle of rendering men who had put themselves above the law amenable to vengeance, or of striking down some one whose personal qualities or position rendered him peculiarly formidable. In the first class we must put such cases as the murders of Buckingham, and Henry III. and Henry IV. of France; and in the second the murders (if such they were) of

Charles XII. and Gustavus Adolphus. Odious as the principle is, it is easy to follow the train of reasoning by which it was reached, and which might in some cases and to some minds appear to justify it. The pamphlet called *Killing no Murder*, which had an immediate reference to Oliver Cromwell, was the work of a very able man, and Mariana and other Jesuits expressly defended tyrannicide and glorified in the act of Jacques Clement.

It is by thinking of acts of this sort that we are able to measure the full atrocity of the assassination of President Lincoln. It is a crime for which it is utterly impossible to devise, we do not say any excuse, but any palliation. If Mr. Lincoln had been an usurper; if he had been a king above the law, either by supposed divine right or as the result of successful intrigues; if he had been cruel or corrupt, and there had been no other way of ridding the country of the burden imposed by his iniquity, it would have been possible to understand the motives of his assassin. As it is, they are perfectly inscrutable, especially when the murder of Mr. Lincoln is taken in connection with the inconceivably horrible butchery which took place in the house of poor Mr. Seward, an act which displays a mixture of treachery, cowardice and ferocity hitherto unequalled in the annals of any country. There is but one drop of comfort in the matter. The calamity to all mankind is great enough, but there is no part of the world which had less interest in such a crime than the Southern States. It is the deadliest provocation which could be given to the North, and it is given at the very moment when the North has the power to take the most signal and irresistible vengeance. The idiotic folly of the crime, considered from a Southern point of view, entitles us to hope that the criminals are unconnected with any one of political importance.

It must, however, be admitted that, though there is reason to hope that we shall not be obliged to connect, however remotely, with such infamy as this, the names of men like General Lee, there is a horrible family likeness between this crime and many other acts which English writers in general have been far too much inclined to overlook or to extenuate in consideration of the brilliant military qualities of the Southerners. To shoot President Lincoln dead in the presence of his wife and his friends, to get into a sick man's house by a lie, and then to stab the sick man as he lies helpless in bed, and to slaughter his attendants like so many sheep, are acts not unlike that

of the men who came behind Mr. Sumner with a loaded cane and struck him down with repeated blows on the head, who set fire to the city of New York in fourteen different places, without any object whatever than the destruction of life and property, and who entered defenceless towns in Vermont and Maine in the disguise of quiet travellers, and there committed arson, robbery, and murder, out of a mere spirit of ferocious vengeance. Nor, again, are these acts isolated. For years past it has been repeated by persons entitled to every kind of credit that the institution of slavery, the habit of having and using uncontrollable and irresponsible power over human beings, generated a disregard of human life and suffering, a contempt for the rights of others, and a savage ferocity of temper which made the slave States infamous for acts of barbarity. To say nothing of the atrocities of the border ruffians in Kansas, the whole of the South had been for years notorious for bloody brawls, desperate duels and foul assassinations; and there can be little doubt, that the reckless and devil-may-care temperament which was thus produced had a good deal to do with what we have heard described as "Southern chivalry." It is a temperament which has a close affinity to the less respectable part of the character of the most ferocious tribes of red Indians. The essence of chivalry, in so far as it was a good thing, was the infusion of the elements of gentleness and humanity into the uncultivated fierceness of the soldiery of the middle ages. Many of the Southerners appear to have reversed the process, and to have tried to manufacture a sort of Brummagem chivalry by infusing into the humanity of the nineteenth century a strong dose of savage ferocity.

As to the possible effects of the crime which has robbed the world of one of its most humane and useful members, it is difficult to say what they will be. The immediate result has been to put Mr. Andrew Johnson for four years into the President's chair. The Times seems to think that he ought at once to resign, and hints, not very obscurely, that if he does not do so of his own accord Grant or Sherman are likely to compel him. Such suggestions appear to us utterly groundless. Nothing has been more remarkable throughout the whole course of the war than the respect which the Northern States have shown for lawful authority. They have, indeed, submitted to occasional stretches of it with a quiet good sense which earned for them from some of their candid friends the compliment of being

utterly slavish and degenerate. We think it probable, therefore, that Mr. Johnson's authority will be recognized, and that unless he does some act of extraordinary folly or wickedness he will fill poor Mr. Lincoln's place without disturbance. Very little is known of him in this country, and certainly some part of what is known is not to his credit. There can be no question that he got drunk on a solemn occasion, and disgraced himself by making a speech in the Senate in that condition. It is needless to enlarge upon the indecency of this or upon the insensibility which it shows to the commonest rules of good behaviour; nor will any friend to the North deny that the possibility of such an occurrence on the part of the leader of the nation is a great defect in their institutions. It is, however, of the last importance not to exaggerate the real significance of such an error. For the next four years Mr. Johnson will fill the most important place in the world. As far as the influence of English opinion extends it should be used to support him. He is the constitutional head of a great and friendly nation, and he ought to be treated with respect so long as he maintains that character. We must not start with the assumption that he will sustain it ill; great responsibility often produces a good effect; and we must remember that though Mr. Johnson is of low birth, and has had little or none of that sort of education which we in Europe associate with high rank, he has been educated in the art of government all through his life. He has taken part in the government of the State of Tennessee for more than thirty years, and has held office there, in various capacities, for nearly the whole of that time. He may turn out better than we expect. It is perfectly true that American institutions raise men to the very head of affairs who would look very strange in a European drawing-room; but after all, the drawing-room test, though a very important one in some respects, is not always decisive. President Lincoln himself, if he had been an Englishman, would probably have been a pushing attorney in a country town, dropping his h's, and making jokes and telling stories fit for the smoking-rooms of second-rate commercial inns; yet the whole civilized world, even those who decried him most unmercifully, and ridiculed his defects most unsparingly, are at this moment deploring his death as a great public calamity. Let us be juster and more generous to Mr. Johnson than many of us were to his great predecessor. It will be time enough to talk of his resignation, and to hint at his deposition, when it appears that

he is incapable of discharging the duties so unexpectedly cast upon him.

It would be very wrong to allow our grief for Mr. Lincoln to lead us to take too gloomy a view of American affairs. The great fear is that the horror of the North at the outrage perpetrated on them all may be so great as to lead to some fierce act of vengeance which will perpetrate the bitter feelings of the late war, or at least may produce a suspension of those measures which were in active progress for healing its wounds. If, however, this is surmounted; if the North has the sense and virtue to discriminate between the South and the devilish ruffians who have done their utmost to ruin it; there is every reason to hope that the bright prospects of peace which have been so sadly overclouded may shine out once more as brightly as ever. It is almost a trivial remark that assassinations produce far less effect than the assassins expect. A single man is removed, but others take his place, and the general march of events goes on as before. This has been shown to be true by the experience of all countries, but in America single individuals are of less importance, and general causes operate more directly, than in any other part of the world. Let us hope, that the North, having conquered their enemies in the field, will conquer the natural impulse to vengeance, and will steadily and bravely carry out the great work on which Mr. Lincoln was so earnestly intent at the moment when he was called upon to lay down his life for it.

From the London Review.

Rarely, if ever, has a greater thrill of surprise and horrified indignation passed through the London public than was experienced on Wednesday morning at the announcement of the assassination of President Lincoln, and the attempt (which is only too likely to be successful) on the life of the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward. The first feeling was one of incredulity. Men could not believe, on reading the bare announcement contained in the earliest telegrams, that the worst political crimes of Russia, the bitterest fruit of Continental and Asiatic despotism and suppression of free speech, had suddenly made their appearance in the extreme West, where, whatever faults may be charged against the people or the government, the forms of law and the safeguards of opinion are in force. In the progress of this unhappy struggle of Federals and Confederates, we have been on several occasions accustomed to false reports, designed to affect the markets and further the ends of

dishonest speculators; and it was hoped by some that this might be an instance of the same kind. The arrival of ampler telegrams, however, destroyed the possibility of any such belief, and it must now be written that an atrocity which few undertake to defend, even when committed against tyrants such as the Czar Paul or the late King Ferdinand of Naples, has been acclimatized in the capital of the American Union, without any extenuating circumstances to moderate humanity's instinctive horror of deliberate and stealthy murder. The consequences of the crime are lamentably apparent. Constituted as human nature is, it is scarcely possible that the people of the North should not be lashed to the highest pitch of fury by the assassination of their President and the attempted murder of his principal Minister. The recent victories of Sherman and Grant, and the manifest superiority in resources of the Federals over the Confederates, seemed to have satisfied the utmost ambition of the former, and to have left them, with a few exceptions, not indisposed to treat their enemies with leniency and generous consideration. Mr. Lincoln himself, at a Cabinet council held shortly before his death, spoke kindly of Lee and of other supporters of the Confederacy, and it is certain that he was inclined towards a pacific policy. Men were beginning to hope that the wounds of the last four years were on the point of being closed: they are now torn open afresh by the violence of a murderous hand. What excesses of retaliation may be committed by those who, but for this miserable calamity, might have been willing to forget old animosities in the prospect of a better future, we forbear to contemplate. Men are often unreasoning beings; and it will not be unnatural, however unjust, if the Federals identify the whole South with the conspiracy of which Lincoln was a victim. The difficulty of coming to terms with the secessionists is obviously increased in an immeasurable degree, and the country seems to have been at once flung back into the anarchy from which it was just escaping. Proscriptions and judicial vengeance are the customary answers to murderous attacks. A people flushed with military success, possessing enormous power, and finding itself struck at the heart by a serpent-like and venomous blow, which it could not guard against because it did not anticipate it, is generally quick to vent its rage by blows as deadly, and much more widely directed. Vice-President Johnson, who, in virtue of the constitutional law in such cases, has succeeded to the chief office, is known to be identified

with the most extreme section of the republican party — that which is the least inclined to compromise, and the most desirous of harsh measures; and assuredly what we know of his antecedents does not give us at all a favorable impression of his judgment, his capacity, or his power of self control. It cannot be concealed that the lamentable incident which occurred at the installation of the Vice-President on the 4th of March has placed him in a position before the world which nothing but a prolonged course of dignified conduct in his great office can make us forget; we must be excused if we regard Andrew Johnson as a very unfortunate successor to the rough, manly, honest, and unblemished Abraham Lincoln.

For after all disputes of political principles are at an end, it will, we believe, be acknowledged on both sides that there was something great in that humble, uncouth, gigantic, half-educated rail-splitter from Illinois. He sometimes astonished, sometimes annoyed the refined statesmanship of Europe; but in the end he wrung from it respect, which in the last few weeks was rising into admiration, and which his bloody death will heighten and consecrate. He had the bark of the back woods about him, and he could not divest himself of it even in the saloons of the White House; he made strange jests when he should have been decorously reserved; but he never disgusted any but the vulgar at heart. It was as though nature had fashioned him gaunt, and huge, and craggy, the better to encounter the grim work to which he had set his hand. We who live in an age of Special Correspondents and of photo-

graphs, and who see everything analytically and as it were under the microscope, have perhaps dwelt somewhat too much on these defects; but will posterity regard them to the same extent? Who thinks of the warts on Cromwell's face now that, having receded so far from the man's time, we see him in his totality? Abraham Lincoln assumed the Chief Magistracy at a period of unparalleled difficulty, of overwhelming national disaster; and even we who have disagreed with the policy which he represented must admit that few men could have borne such a burden with greater innate power and constancy, or could have passed through such a fiery ordeal with fewer mistakes of a serious kind. When he might have been almost excused for despairing, he was calmly hopeful; when the hour of success arrived, he did not yield to the drunkenness of revenge. We are judging him, of course, on purely moral grounds, and from the point of view which he conceived to be right. Setting aside, then, all debatable matters of opinion, it must be admitted that Abraham Lincoln has won for himself, by consistency, by firmness, and by a certain progressive and expanding power, the most conspicuous place next to Washington in the list of American Presidents. Neither his capacity nor his education was great; but honesty is in itself capacity, and that of no mean order — it is in itself education, and that not of the worst. His death will only increase his fame. It sets him on a pedestal from which he cannot be taken down, and crystalizes his reputation at the very moment of his triumph.

A DESCENDANT OF LUTHER'S. — We read in a Vienna newspaper the following interesting facts: — A female descendant of Martin Luther, of the name of Catherine Luther, is now living here at Vienna. Of Luther's eldest son, John, but a single branch remained, John Michael, born the 20th of August, 1763, who emigrated from Germany as M.D. in 1801. At the occasion of the Luther Festival at Erfurt, the chairman of the Luther-Verein, Herr Rheinthal, expressed the wish to find some one of Luther's descendants, and, having obtained the family pedigree in 1825, he soon found the desired track. The only son of the above-mentioned John Michael Luther, Joseph Carl, born at Erfurt the 11th of November, 1792, lived in extreme poverty at

Stocken, in Bohemia, and had joined the Catholic Church. He had immigrated thither in 1811, married in the same year Anna Popischak, and was, at the time when Heinrich Holzschuher found him in his misery, the father of five children. He willingly acceded to Herr Holzschuher's wish to take his eldest son with him to educate. But Anton Luther displayed no talent, and he was put to a trade. From this line Catherine Luther, at Vienna, is supposed to descend. We are further informed that there is in the Austrian ministry of finance a servitor of the name of Luther, who is likewise said to be a descendant of the Reformer. — *Athenæum*.

DEATH AT THE SUMMIT.

Abraham Lincoln, "mortuus pro patriam," April 14, 1865.

To EVERY man — Horatius said —
Death cometh soon or falleth late;
But only he the blow should dread
Who begs, not dares, his fate.

To every man some post is given
Where honors point or duties call;
And if his doom is writ of heaven,
'Tis there that he should fall.

No matter if the battle-shout
Drowns the last lingering sob of breath,
Or woman's feeble wail moans out
Round some hushed bed of death.

No matter if the strong hand hold,
That moment, grasp of duty's helm,
Or if soft joys the limbs enfold,
Or midnight slumber whelm.

No matter — so the path is clear,
No matter — so the will is strong;
No matter if the doom is near,
Or waits and tarries long.

To die in God's good time is gain,
Whether He takes, in loving peace, —
Or murderous stroke of hand and brain
Makes quick and sad surcease.

But oh! to die with labor done —
That labor that the whole world willed,
Or with the goal so nearly won
All hold the task fulfilled, —

To have gained a victor's gloriou's wreath,
Then crowned it with the sapphire star
Of a great mercy's trust and faith,
Brightening the worlds afar, —

To know the midnight gone at last,
To see the day break clear and calm,
To know that o'er the black vales past
The morning breathes its balm, —

To stand upon the mountain's top,
Such toil just closed, at such an hour
And cloudward, whence God's blessings drop,
Hear man's sweep up with power, —

And then and there to die! To rest!
Marbled in fame — embalmed in good!
The past (once doubted) praised and blessed,
The future understood,

No heat and burden of to-day
Stretching its vista on before —
The immortals seizing mortal clay,
As Moses once they bore —

Death at the summit, this! Not death —
A happy apotheosis
That men might seek with praying breath
A thousand years, and miss!

And when ye hunt his murderers down —
Men who his mantle humbly bear —
And blast them with a nation's frown,
And limb from carcase tear —

Do it, because the nation's pride
And God's quick justice this demand —
That never more the regicide
May lift his reeking hand;

But do it not in hot revenge
For one unsuffering by the blow,
Who at the summit found a change
That only God can know.

And when ye shroud your halls in gloom,
And raise the prayer, and drop the tear,
And bear him to his western tomb,
A nation round his bier —

Weep for the country, if you must —
For manhood, murder-stained and dim;
But dwarf not judgment, truth and trust,
By shedding tears for him!

N. Y. Tribune.

HENRY MORFORD.

"THOU HAST PUT ALL THINGS UNDER HIS FEET."

O North, with all thy vales of green,
O South, with all thy palms,
From peopled towns, and fields between,
Uplift the voice of psalms;
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son;
He brings a train of brighter years —
His Kingdom is begun;
He comes, a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth and righteousness.

O Father! haste the promised hour
When at his feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power
Beneath the ample sky;
When he shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul.

When all shall heed the words He said,
Amid their daily cares;
And by the loving life He led
Shall strive to pattern theirs;
And He who conquered Death shall win
The mighty conquest over Sin.

W. C. BRYANT.



